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ELEGIAC SONNETS,

&c. &c.

ELEGIAC SONNETS

AND OTHER

POEMS,

BY

WILLIAM ASHBURNHAM, Esq. Jun.

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SONNET I.

TO CONSOLATION.

O Conſolation, gently ſoothing pow'r,
Pouring thy pious balm on mis'ry's breaſt,
Thy cheering radiance calms the darkeſt hour
Of woe extreme. Ah! when ſhall I have reſt?
When will this full-fraught boſom ceaſe to beat?
Enclos'd within its ſolemn ſilent cell?
Ah! when will death my anxious wiſhes greet,
With preſage glad of my funereal knell?
A ſtream of Glory ſtreaks the waving ſky,
Her ſable robe pale Sorrow caſts away,
Each tear diſpell'd from meek Affliction's eye,
The raptur'd mourner ſoars to realms of day;
On plumes ſeraphic wings her eager flight,
To the bright regions of Eternal Light.

SONNET II.

WRITTEN IN AN UNFREQUENTED GROVE.

O'ER-CANOPIED with boughs of beechen ſhade,
Impervious to the dog-ſtar's burning ray,
Muſing how ſwift all earthly glories fade,
'Mid theſe bleſt ſhades I weave my weary way.
Hail hallow'd haunts! whoſe deep embow'ring gloom,
Suits well the ſadneſs of my ſicken'd ſoul;
Here contemplation points beyond the tomb,
And ſorrow yields to reaſon's juſt controul.
Fame's fair deluſive viſions all are flown,
Here then 'mid this ſequeſter'd grove I'll dwell,
Rear of rude ſtones with graſs, and moſs o'ergrown,
On this dear ſpot—my ſolitary cell.
Yes, ſhades belov'd! dear you ſhall ever be,
O ever dear—to ſolitude—and me.

SONNET III.

THE POWER OF POESY.

PLACE me in ſome lone deſert plain,
Where not a plant is ſeen to blow,
Where the keen froſts for ever reign,
And where the waters ceaſe to flow.
Place me on fierce Numidia's ſhore,
Or in ſome dark Bœotian vale;
Where tygers roam, and lions roar,
Where noxious vapours taint the gale.
Or place me in the torrid zone,
Where not a hamlet rears its head,
Helpleſs, forſaken, and alone,
The heath my home, the rock my bed:
Still will I wake ſome ſweet poetic ſound,
And walk ſecure, though danger frowns around.

SONNET IV.

ON MIRTH.

FANTASTIC wreaths in wild confuſion hung,
Where antic ſport, and blue-ey'd pleaſures play;
Here goblets gliſten'd, and here ſyrens ſung,
And ceaſeleſs revels ſtole the hours away.
Here dimpled Mirth, with cheek of roſeate hue,
Deſpotic reigns theſe brilliant roofs among:
At his high call, enamour'd myriads flew;—
Weave the light dance, or wake the feſtive ſong.
But, ah! what means that wild tumultuous ſhout?
That frantic laugh is tinctur'd with alloy—
What mean theſe orgies? what this midnight rout?
Tell me, my ſoul—O ſay, can this be joy?—
Theſe tranſient ſtarts, embers of dying fire,
Glow for a moment, ſparkle, and expire.

SONNET V.

THE EXILE.

ADIEU! Adieu!—a long, a laſt farewell,
To thoſe dear friends whom I no more ſhall ſee;
Let fond affection from her ſilken cell,
Caſt one ſad thought on wretchedneſs and me.
Mem'ry, bleſt mem'ry cheers my weary way,
No bliſs beſide can aught on earth impart:
—They live—companions of life's early day
Enſhrin'd within the temple of my heart.
Then think on him, whoſe ſoul is wrapt in thine,
O let me ſtill in your remembrance live;
On thee may every choiceſt bleſſing ſhine—
My pray'rs, alas! are all I have to give,
Wafted abroad, new regions to explore,
A baniſh'd exile—on a foreign ſhore.

SONNET VI.

JULIA DE ROUBIGNÈ, PLAYING ON THE ORGAN.

COME, ſiſter, come,—A ſmiling cherub ſaid ; [1]
Bearing rich dews from Araby the bleſt, [2]
He ſhakes his plumes ; a glory wreath'd his head :
In ſnowy circles flow'd his ſpreading veſt.
Floating ſublime, o'er Julia's lonely bed,
Mild muſic ſang, melodious, ſweet, and clear,
She 'woke,—ſhe 'roſe—the glorious viſion fled—
The fine tones vibrate in her liſt'ning ear.
She touch'd the chord, ſhe ſtruck the ſelf-ſame ſtrain,
The bands ſeraphic ſound their golden lyre,
According notes, according feelings reign,
Her boſom glows with warm celeſtial fire ;
While her pure ſpirit on the wings of love,
On earth anticipates—the joys above.

SONNET VII.

ON SEEING A ROBIN-RED-BREAST TAKE REFUGE IN A CHURCH DURING A HARD WINTER.

SWEET Bird! who 'neath this awful roof has found,
From the fierce freezing of the wint'ry wind,
(While Nature's fleecy mantle veils the ground)
A ſafe retreat. Ah! gentleſt of thy kind!
Still linger here. Here conſolation ſmiles,
Here reſt thy weary wing, devoid of dread;
No danger hovers 'mid theſe vaulted aiſles,
But ſacred ſilence ſhields thy harmleſs head.
To gain a pittance ſcant, where'er you roam,
And cheerleſs wander through the ſhort-liv'd day;
This fabric ſtill ſhall be thy hallow'd home,
At cloſe of eve—bend here thy penſive way.
Weave here, ſweet Bird, thy conſecrated neſt,
The altar—is the refuge of diſtreſs.

SONNET VIII.

TO A FRIEND.

SERAPHIC pow'rs! Angels of light deſcend!
From your fair plumes ambroſial odours ſhed,
Watch o'er the ſlumbers of my earlieſt friend,
And pour your holieſt dews on Henry's head.
O may my firm, my never-ceaſing care,
(The lowly inſtrument of pow'r Divine)
Teach thee, my friend, to ſhun temptation's ſnare,
And round thy brow the wreath of knowledge twine.
Each bud of virtue that begins to blow,
My anxious eyes with joy extatic ſee;
No bliſs on earth, can heav'n itſelf beſtow,
So exquiſite, as that of bleſſing thee.
Eternal mercy aid this work of love,
And frame his ſpirit—for the realms above.

SONNET IX.

JUDAH IN CAPTIVITY.

BY weeping alders ſcreen'd from ſcornful eyes,
Fix'd as a pillar in the ſacred ſhrine,
On the dank earth the wretched captive lies,
A dread example of the wrath Divine.
The regal circlet from her forehead torn,
Fall'n from the zenith of her high career,
View hapleſs Judah, deſolate, forlorn,—
The glory once of this terreſtrial ſphere.
With languid gaze ſhe caſt her ſtreaming eye,
Where haughty Babylon in triumph roſe,
Whoſe gorgeous palaces, exalted high,
Ring the loud ſhout of her victorious foes.
Pierc'd to the heart, her tears inceſſant flow,
Silent ſhe ſat—a monument of woe.

SONNET X.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

ROB'D in full majeſty the placid moon,
Whoſe wan beams tremble through the leafy ſhade,
In æther floating, reach'd its higheſt noon,
Gilding with radiance mild the glowing glade.
Cheerleſs, and ſad, the woodland wilds among,
Join, join with me, ſweet Philomela join,
Diſdain not thou, the poet's plaintive ſong,
Whoſe ſad notes flow in uniſon with thine.
My mournful harp ſhall tune its fineſt ſtring,
In faint reſponſe prolong the melting ſtrain,
While thy fine tones wafted on zephyr's wing,
Steal o'er the rocks, and wind along the plain:
Still then, ſweet bird, pour from yon beechen ſpray,
O ever pour—thy ſorrow-ſoothing lay.

SONNET XI.

THE HUNTER.

SWIFT o'er the rocks the eager Hunter flies,
To chace the chamois o'er yon dreadful ſteep;
Health paints his cheek, and ſparkles in his eyes:—
Joy beams on him, while I am doom'd to weep.
'Mong clefts and craggs, with dauntleſs ſtep he flew,
Agile of foot, he never felt alarm;
Blythe as the breath of Spring, no care he knew,
Strength ſtrung his frame, and vigour nerv'd his arm.
From morn to eve, fearleſs he bends his way,
O'er Alpine heights, a rugged, wild domain;
Fleet as the fawn riſing at bluſh of day,
With the young light he ſkims along the plain,
To ſearch with deep-ton'd hound the darkſome dell,
And waken echo in her fairy cell.

SONNET XII.

ELOISA ON ENTERING THE WALLS OF THE PARACLETE.

TREMBLING I tread this awful, hallow'd floor;
(Forgive, forgive me, all ye pow'rs above)
My hapleſs fate theſe ſtreaming eyes deplore,
I ſigh, I burn, I languiſh, and I love.
To one laſt view, my anxious hopes aſpire,
Of that lov'd form—O ever dear to me!—
My thoughts, my ſoul, (e'en 'mid the ſacred choir)
Are fix'd, my Abelard, are fix'd on thee.
Fond impious heart, forbear—it muſt not be—
Here then, let wretched Eloiſa dwell;
Congenial horrors! 'neath your roofs I flee,
Each wiſh to bury, and each hope diſpel,
Quench warm deſire amid a cloiſter's gloom,
And find in Paraclete—a living tomb.

SONNET XIII.

TO HAPPINESS.

WHERE now are all thy golden viſions fled?
O ſay, enchantreſs, whither are they flown?
Soaring aloft, by fancy's finger led,
I ſat exulting on her fairy throne.
Through airy arches built with beams of light,
Their od'rous ſpoil Arabian breezes bring,
Joy lit his lamp of exquiſite delight,
And keen-ey'd rapture claps his eagle-wing.
Ah! dear deluſion! bright celeſtial ſhade!
Too pure to grace this ſublunary ſphere;
All earthly bliſs is born to bloom, and fade,
Wakes with a ſmile, and cloſes with a tear:
Too ſoon, alas! the tranſient ſcene is o'er,
The meteor ſhines—then ſinks, and is no more.

SONNET. XIV.

A CONTEMPLATION.

ARISE, my ſoul, on wings triumphant riſe,
Forſake awhile this tranſitory ſphere,
In contemplation ſoar beyond the ſkies,—
Balm to the mind, and tranſport to the ear.
Array'd in robes of pureſt virgin white,
The palm of vict'ry waving o'er their breaſt,
Viſions of glory ſtrike my raptur'd ſight!
Hail! holy ſhades! hail! ſpirits of the bleſt!
I gaze—I pant to join the heav'nly choir;
O pow'r ſupreme, thy aid, thy grace impart,
My boſom fill with pure celeſtial fire,
Reign o'er my will, and rule my ſubject-heart;
Waft me, O waft me to that bliſsful ſhore,
Where ſin ſhall ceaſe, and ſorrow be no more.

SONNET XV.

ON HOPE.

ON life's expanſe how many veſſels glide!
O'er whoſe devoted head the tempeſts lour,
Whom the fell whirlwind graſps with iron pow'r,
Deep plunging headlong in the boiſt'rous tide.
But though misfortune, with reſiſtleſs ſweep,
Veils from his eye the cheerful face of day,
Some beam of bliſs, ſome momentary ray,
E'en lights his couch, who only lives to weep.
Still with a mild exhilarating ſmile,
Hope paints a proſpect fair of happier hours,
Of cryſtal fountains, and of roſeate bow'rs:
Chacing the damps from ſorrow's gloomy pile,
Her glowing tints, and cheering views beſtow,
One gleam of comfort—'mid a world of woe.

SONNET XVI.

CHILDHOOD.

AH! lovely Childhood, innocent and fair,
Gay bloom the flow'rs, which nature's hand has ſpread
Around thy open brow. The ſerpent care
Nips not the wreath that crowns thy infant head.
The pearl of tenderneſs bedews thy eye,
Joy's genuine glow laughs on thy roſy cheek;
Virtue and truth, thoſe inmates of the ſky,
Live in each look, in every action ſpeak.
Sincerity ſmiles in thy beauteous face;
Emotions warm, unfetter'd by controul,
O'er thy fine features caſt a matchleſs grace
To ſtrike, to pleaſe, to captivate the ſoul:
For in thy breaſt reſides, unwarpt by art,
That lovelieſt charm—ſimplicity of heart.

SONNET XVII.

MORNING.

THE bird of morn ſhouts from his low-roof'd ſhed,
The ſoaring lark attunes her ſacred lay,
The glowing eaſt, with purple bluſhes ſpread,
Proclaims the ſplendour of the new-born day.
Now cheerful ſounds pervade the hamlet fair,
The whiſtling ploughman hails the breath of dawn,
The ſhepherd lad unpens his fleecy care,
The upland ſeeks, or dew-beſprinkled lawn.
Yon glorious orb leaving his orient bed,
Pours o'er the lands a flood of liquid light,
At his approach the ſhades of darkneſs fled,
The ſmiling landſcape kindles with delight.
On all around his beams benignant ſhine,
Diffuſing joy to ev'ry eye—but mine.

SONNET XVIII.

STERNE'S LE FEVRE ON THE BED OF DEATH.

THOSE tender threads, whoſe ſubtle texture fine
Binds the pure ſpirit to encumb'ring clay,
Were looſen'd all.—'Mid nature's inmoſt ſhrine
Life's lateſt embers ſhot a feeble ray.
But ere the golden cord was cut in twain,
And ere he ſank in ſilence to the grave,
His orphan's fate fills his ſad ſoul with pain;
No eye to guide him, and no arm to ſave.
When I am gone—caſt on this wint'ry wild,
Where will the weary wand'rer reſt his head?
Eternal mercy! ſhield, O ſhield my child,
On his fair brow thy choiceſt bleſſings ſhed.
Guard all his goings, all his ways defend,
And be to him—a father, and a friend.

SONNET XIX.

FORTITUDE.

PURE, pure in heart, and innocent in life,
He ſtands ſecure though warring empires ſhake;
'Mid the fierce ſhock of elemental ſtrife,
Though trembling earth through all its pillars quake.
His actions led by duty's brilliant ſtar,
His ſoul, unmov'd by terror, or diſmay,
Scorns proud oppreſſion in her iron car,
And guileleſs holds the tenour of his way. 8
Fix'd on a rock of adamantine pow'r,
Whoſe baſe in vain the boiſt'rous billows beat;
Cool, firm, collected in life's darkeſt hour,
Though the loud tempeſt thunder at his feet;
Dauntleſs, he views the wild diſaſt'rous ſcene,
And 'mid the ſtorm, ſmiles ſtedfaſt, and ſerene.

SONNET XX.

WRITTEN ON THE SPARE LEAVES OF A COMMON-PRAYER BOOK.

WHEN humbly kneeling in Jehovah's fane,
(Bleſt with that knowledge grace and truth impart,)
Implore his mercy, and adore his name;
Let each petition iſſue from the heart.
Come to thy God, thy father, and thy friend,
Breathing the accents zeal and love inſpire;
Such incenſe pure will to the heav'ns aſcend,
If faith and reaſon fan the holy fire.
Devotion animates the raptur'd ſoul,
Marks the bright track which our Redeemer trod;—
That ſtar benign! exerts his mild controul
To lead the ſuppliant to the throne of God.
O may th' Almighty with paternal care,
Guide all thy goings, and accept thy pray'r.

SONNET XXI.

TO THE MORNING-STAR.

STAR of the morn, whoſe mild benignant beam,
  At early dawn with ever-cheering ray,
O'er night's laſt ſhadows ſhoots a golden gleam,
  Auſpicious herald of approaching day!
Thy ſplendour decorates the vaulted ſky,
  Extatic fervour kindles as I gaze,
And while thy form reſplendent charms the eye,
  Gratitude chaunts aloud th' Almighty's praiſe.
Fair as thou art, yon glowing orb ſo bright,
  Beacon of bliſs, which I with tranſport ſee,
The ſoul will ſail to ſcenes of nobler light,
  Rapt on the cherub wings of extacy.
The ſons of God, with beams of glory ſhine,
More fair, more bright, more exquiſite than thine.

SONNET XXII.

DESPAIR.

THE bird of night ſweeps ſlowly through the air,
Deep ſhades compoſe the weary world to reſt,
Full many a phantom floats with furious glare,
Deep hov'ring o'er the murderer's raven-breaſt.
Through dark obſcure the fiery ſpectres gleam,
With ſerpent tooth his tend'reſt vitals tear,
Rack his foul mind with agony extreme,
And conjure up the Demon of Deſpair.
She comes, ſhe comes—her eye-balls wildly roll,
With ſcorpion ſcourge in her relentleſs hand,
She comes to harrow up the caitiff's ſoul,—
Legions of furies wait her dread command.
The bloody wretch feels her envenom'd dart,
Guilt gnaws his mind, and torment tears his heart.

SONNET XXIII.

MIDNIGHT.

HOW ſtill, how ſolemn is the midnight hour!
The lights of heav'n their kindly influence ſhed,
Embalm'd in dew reclines the fragrant flow'r,
And miſty vapours veil the mountain's head.
In covert cloſe, enwrapt in leafy ſhade,
The plumy warblers reſt their weary wing;
The landſcape ſmiles in milder tints array'd,
While not a note the paſſing breezes bring.
The herdſman's hut lies ſunk in ſweet repoſe,
Safe, and ſecure as 'mid the blaze of noon;
'Tis ſilent all—no ſullen murmur roſe,
Save where the watch-dog bays the diſtant moon.
In the rude hamlet toil and labour ceaſe,
And all is huſh'd to harmony and peace.

SONNET XXIV.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA SHORE.

ON the lone beach, diſconſolate, and ſlow,
With fault'ring ſtep, I tread the ſea-worn ſhore;
If ſolemn ſounds aſſuage the ſenſe of woe,
Riſe ye wild waves, tumultuous ocean roar:
Raze the deep traces from my burning brain,
All records paſt from mem'ry's tablet ſweep;
—They come—they come—terrific horrors reign,
O ſcatter, tear, and plunge them in the deep.
Ah! what avails—though boiſt'rous billows roll,
Though ſurges madden, and though whirlwinds rave;
Can they reſtore the darling of my ſoul?
Or waft his ſpirit o'er the wat'ry wave?
All hope is loſt—o'erwhelm'd by floods of care,
The waves of woe—the tempeſt of deſpair.

SONNET XXV.

ON FAME.

SAY, what is Fame? a brilliant empty ſhade,
Like vapours painted by the breath of morn,
Which chill the mountain's brow, (in clouds array'd)
And ſtarve the head their glitt'ring robes adorn.
Ah! what avails the ſlowly-moving hearſe,
The ſhrine that eulogy is wont to raiſe;
The ſplendid tomb deck'd with funereal verſe,
The ſhout of millions, or the peal of praiſe?
O what is Fame? enroll'd in glory's page,
Purſued with vigour, and with ardour ſought;
For which in ev'ry clime, and ev'ry age,
The poet labour'd, and the hero fought.—
'Tis oft a bubble, that through æther flies,
That ſports awhile, evaporates, and dies.

SONNET XXVI.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

AH! lovely maid! cut off in earlieſt prime,
Like tender flow'ret on the breaſt of Spring;
Thy ſoul benign now ſeeks a happier clime,
Wreſting from death's own dart the venom'd ſting:
For ſhe was pure; ſerene as Summer ſkies,
Pious, and meek, benevolent, and mild:
Here Senſibility with ſtreaming eyes,
Weeps o'er the tomb of her beloved child,
Whoſe angel-face, whoſe captivating air,
Where ev'ry beauty, ev'ry charm combin'd,
Fair as they were—O exquiſitely fair,
Were but an emblem of her fairer mind.
She liv'd a roſe, blooming with ſpotleſs grace,
As roſes live—a ſingle morning's ſpace.

SONNET XXVII.

TO IMAGINATION.

IMAGINATION paints each airy pile,
With ev'ry grace that fancy can beſtow;
Here pleaſure baſks in fortune's fairy ſmile,
No change to ſuffer, and no ill to know.
Ah! fleeting dream! ah! tranſitory ſhade!
Too ſoon experience ſnaps the brittle thread,—
Too ſoon thy vot'ry ſees each phantom fade,
And clouds and tempeſts gather round his head.
Yet, yet I own thy faſcinating pow'r,
Thy rainbow hues, thy nobly-tow'ring aim,
Thy glorious viſions gild the darkeſt hour:
With eaſe, thy radiant energy can frame
Etherial, pure, unſhackled, unconfin'd,
That bow'r of bliſs—th' elyſium of mind.

SONNET XXVIII.

THE SHIP BOY.

OFT from the monarch's couch ſoft ſlumber flies.
No golden lure can ſtay this partial pow'r;
Yet it ſeals up the weary Ship-boy's eyes,
E'en 'mid the howlings of a boiſt'rous hour.
Perch'd on the high top of yon giddy maſt,
From dawn to eve he wiſtful views the deep;
Lull'd by the whiſtling of the northern blaſt,
The foamy billows rock his brain to ſleep.
Bare to the pelting of inclement ſkies,
Amid the crackling ſhrouds (his dang'rous bed)
Entranc'd in ſweet forgetfulneſs he lies,
While fairy viſions float around his head.
Many a noble may with envy ſee,
That ſweet repoſe which Heav'n beſtows on thee.

SONNET XXIX.

THE EARTH CURSED AFTER THE FALL OF MAN.

EARTH rent her vivid robe of glowing green,
And new-born Nature veil'd her beauteous head;
Brakes, thorns, and briars bewilder all the ſcene;
Brambles and weeds their baneful influence ſhed,
And poiſon all around: embrown the glade,
Ruſh o'er the verdant mead with ruthleſs ſweep,
And grow exulting in the foreſt ſhade.
Behold the deſert plain, the craggy ſteep—
Now view the blaſted heath, the trackleſs wild,
On whoſe bleak ſide no herb, no flow'ret grew,
There died fertility, the faireſt child
That Nature ever bore.—Terrific view!
The fiend of ſin has tainted all below,
And chang'd an Eden—to a world of woe.

SONNET XXX.

TO THE SNOW-DROP.

POOR, paly flow'r! bending thy ſnowy head,
Chill'd by the freezing of th' inclement blaſt,
Emblem of him, whoſe ev'ry joy is fled,
Whoſe dreams of bliſs are now for ever paſt.
Ah gentle being! if it ſpar'd not thee,
Spar'd not thy matted couch with moſs o'ergrown,
Will not its fierceſt fury burſt on me?
Expos'd, and bare, deſerted, and alone.
As one keen ſtroke ſweeps the embloſſom'd ſpray
Of peach or almond, blooming as the dawn,
Blighted by care, life's early wreaths decay,
My vernal garlands now beſtrew the lawn.
Child of the ſpring! O may I ever be
As mild, as meek, as innocent as thee.

SONNET XXXI.

THE PENSIVE MOURNER.

THESE well-known ſcenes awaken all my grief;
In ſilent language, yon embattled tow'r
Proclaims my loſs.—O loſs beyond relief!
Scenes once ſo dear, with more than mortal pow'r
Speak of the paſt.—Though clad in beauty's bloom,
They charm no more: joy is for ever fled—
My joys lie buried in Amanda's tomb;
My ſpirit haunts the manſions of the dead.
In yon old fabric, ſource of dear delight!
Endu'd with ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
Her angel-form firſt ſtruck my raptur'd ſight;—
No time her lovely image ſhall efface—
O ſhades belov'd! too ſwiftly I diſcern
Traits of that bliſs—which never muſt return.

SONNET XXXII.

THE RECLUSE.

As ſome clear ſtream benign meand'ring flows
Through panſied mead, or cloſe embow'ring dale;
With vivid hue the ſmiling landſcape glows,
Fruit decks the field, and verdure robes the vale:
So the Recluſe, unheeded, and unknown,
On want and woe his balmy influence ſhed,
His cheering rays bright as the brilliant zone,
Heal the bruis'd reed, and raiſe the vi'let's head.
No ſtormy paſſions ſway his gentle mind,
Calm, and ſerene his conſtant courſe he ran
Patient, and pure, benignant, and reſign'd,
The friend of virtue, and the friend of man.
Secluded from the world, he ſought the glade,
And wove a wreath—whoſe bloom will never fade.

SONNET XXXIII.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, ON LEAVING FRANCE.

GALLIA, farewell!—thou pleaſing, bleſt abode!
Scenes of my youth, ſo gay, ſo fair, ſo dear!
My primroſe path was once with flow'rets ſtrow'd;—
Bright ſhone the eye—now gliſt'ning with a tear.
But though the tall ſhip waft my body o'er,
From this lov'd land though Mary's doom'd to part;
Condemn'd to dwell on ſome bleak, barren ſhore,
Yet you, and you alone poſſeſs my heart.
Ah me! the leſs'ning ſhore recedes from ſight—
O then receive, receive my laſt adieu:
Beloved realms, regions of dear delight,
My flutt'ring ſpirit fondly clings to you:
Borne on light pinions, borrow'd of the dove,
Still haunts thoſe ſcenes of happineſs and love.

SONNET XXXIV.

IN IMITATION OF PSALM XLII.

LIKE as the hart, in thirſty foreſts drear,
Pants for the cool, the life-reviving ſtream;
So longs my ſoul to ſee thy glory beam,
Great God of hoſts!—O when ſhall I appear
In thy bleſt courts? Once I wont to raiſe
'Mid Salem's walls the conſecrated ſong,
And at the head of an illuſtrious throng
Pour my loud pæans in Jehovah's praiſe.
Where's now his God?—my vaunting foes exclaim.
I'm ſtill with thee, afflicted not forlorn;
Then ceaſe, my fainting ſoul, O ceaſe to mourn.
In ſacred ſtrains I'll bleſs th' Almighty's name,
In his pure ſervice all my hours employ,
My hope, my truſt, my refuge, and my joy.

SONNET XXXV.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.

WHAT moan of mis'ry breaks this ſolemn hour?
What ſullen ſounds float o'er the weſtern wave?
In yon black bark, chain'd by tyrannic pow'r,
The Negro groans—a victim, and a ſlave.
Inhuman traffic!—Stay thy vile career,
Brave not the ling'ring bolt of wrath Divine;
Though notes of woe are muſic to an ear, [7]
So cold, ſo dull, ſo barbarous as thine.
Indignant Muſe, fly on the orient wing
Of earlieſt dawn; ſeek injur'd Afric's ſhore;
Wake ſlumb'ring conſcience, point her ſharpeſt ſting;
Melt that hard heart of flint, deep ſtain'd with gore:
And round his brow this ſolemn ſentence bind,
Who ſhews no mercy, ſhall no mercy find.

SONNET XXXVI.

ON DEPARTING FROM A PLACE OF RESIDENCE.

AND muſt I leave theſe ever-bliſsful bowers?
Scenes of delight, which I with rapture ſee;
No more behold theſe hoary time-worn tow'rs?
Nor view theſe hills, ſo fair, ſo dear to me?
No more through rough wilds urge my eager way,
Nor liſten to the ocean's angry roar;
When bluſh of dawn proclaims the riſing day,
Climb the tall clift, or tread the pebbly ſhore?
Theſe ſcenes majeſtic, crown'd by mountains high,
Stupendous, grand, with ev'ry beauty fraught,
Through the clear medium of the raviſh'd eye,
Pour on the mind ſublimity of thought.
O woods! O rocks! O flow'r-embroider'd dale! [13]
A loſs like yours—the poet muſt bewail.

SONNET XXXVII.

MARIUS SITTING AMID THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

HAIL! Carthage, hail! ruin triumphant reigns—
No walls, no tow'rs, no conſecrated ſhrine,
Thy mighty bulwarks ſtrew the ravag'd plains,
Cruſh'd by the vigour of an arm—like mine.
Here then let Marius pauſe.—'Tis good, 'tis great;
Pillars of pow'r in ſcatter'd fragments lie,
Mark'd, mark'd in duſt, I read the warrior's fate;
Cities and kingdoms, hoſts and heroes die.
Noble in counſel, noble in the fight,
No lofty birth, no high patrician name,
No chief, no conſul back'd my glorious right,
But native merit nobly ſoar'd to fame.
No danger awes my ſoul, no fear appals,
But 'mid the craſh of empires Marius falls.

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SONNET XXXVIII.

A MOTHER WEEPING OVER HER DEAD CHILD.

SWEET Babe! and is thy little ſpirit flown?
Flown from this orb to ſeek a purer ſphere?
You little think the pangs which I have known
For thee, my Babe—O ever ever dear.
And muſt I leave thee? muſt I leave my love?
Muſt the fond mother loſe her darling child?
Sweet as the vi'let, gentle as the dove,
Thy tender years were as the zephyrs mild.
Full many a hope, that I was wont to rear,
Full many a wiſh is now for ever fled,
'Mid life's dim vale no golden beams appear,
My all is loſt—my deareſt boy is dead.
I come, my child—thy mother comes to weep,
O'er the cold urn—where thy lov'd aſhes ſleep.

SONNET XXXIX.

SNOW BY MOONLIGHT.

ENCHAIN'D by froſt, all deſolate, and drear,
Still Nature ſhines in dazzling robe array'd;
The moon's bright beams this diſmal proſpect cheer,
Gleam o'er the heath, and glitter in the glade.
Long lines of ſilver radiance mark the vale
Mantling yon cot, whoſe roofs low-rafted ſhake
Beneath their fleecy load; or o'er the dale.
Lends a new glory to the ſpangled brake.
Not ſo with me, chill'd by the piercing blaſt
Of keen misfortune bitter, fierce, and cold;
O'er life's expanſe my eager eyes I caſt,
No dawn of hope theſe cheerleſs realms unfold:
A trackleſs wild arreſts my ſhudd'ring ſight,
Without a ſtar to gild the horrors of the night. 14

SONNET XL.

THE PHŒNICIAN SEAMAN.

WHEN Night majeſtic, in her ſolemn car
Gave to the world repoſe; refulgent bright
With gliſt'ning gems all-glorious to the ſight
The heav'ns reſplendent ſhone. To each fair ſtar,
That decks the azure canopy on high,
Each brilliant light 'mid the celeſtial frame,
The Seaman gives a ſtation and a name.
Guided by theſe—bleſt orbs that grace the ſky!
With bolder aim, he tempts the Ægean wave,
Cleaves the broad deep, and braves the ſtormy main;
Or ploughs with brazen prow the wat'ry plain,
To thoſe wide coaſts the weſtern billows lave;
Urging his way to ſome far-diſtant ſhore,
To undiſcover'd lands, or realms unknown before.

SONNET XLI.

ON SLOTH.

ON the dank earth, embow'r'd by blighting yew,
Whoſe branches rough were thick with cobwebs ſpread,
Sloth lay reclin'd; wild poppies crown'd her head,
Caſting around their ſoporific dew.
Far from thy haunts I flee, pernicious pow'r!
Thou foe to innocence, thou bane to youth!
Thy freezing influence ſtops the ſtream of truth,
Chills ev'ry joy, and darkens ev'ry hour.
As ſtagnate pools exhale a noxious damp,
Which wraps in humid robe the proſpect fair,
Shrouds the clear ſky, and taints the genial air;
So pallid Sloth pollutes the cryſtal lamp
Of virtue, quenching all her gen'rous fires,
'Till all the ſoul in apathy expires.

SONNET XLII.

WRITTEN IN THE BURYING-GROUND OF A RUINED MONASTERY.

BENEATH this mould'ring wall I'll lay me down,
Pore o'er rude fragments glitt'ring in the duſt;
Crumbled by age, the monumental crown,
The trophied pillar, and the breathing buſt,
Mingle in ruins. Say, is glory fled?
All human glory haſtes to ſwift decay;—
Who tenant wide the manſions of the dead,
Once baſk'd awhile in fortune's ſunny ray.
What they are now, ſuch I ſhall quickly be;—
Time, like an angel bending from the ſky,
Smites yon tall pile,—a leſſon ſage to me:
Proclaiming loud that man is doom'd to die.
Wake, eye of faith, pierce the impending gloom—
Behold the ſpirit riſe immortal from the tomb.

SONNET XLIII.

WRITTEN AT SUN-SET.

YON golden globe ſinks in the glowing weſt,
With ruby hue the rocks reſplendent ſhone,
The purple heath ſmiles, clad in gorgeous veſt,
The tall cliffs boaſt a ſplendour not their own.
His ſinking form more beauteous far I deem,
Than when he ſat crown'd in the car of fame,
Flung from his throne direct the blazing beam,
And fiercely ſhed intolerable flame.
Painting each cloud, illum'd by roſeate rays,
With more than regal richneſs, light divine!
What is the di'mond's? what the ſapphire's blaze?
Compar'd with tints ſo exquiſite as thine.
All Nature ſhines (enrob'd in bright array)
With the mild glories of departing day.

THE GENIUS OF MELANCHOLY.

AN ODE.

I.

CLOSE enwrapt in muſing trance,
See yon penſive youth advance,
Dreſs'd in flowing ſable robe,
Graſping in his hand a globe:
Mark his ſtep, and mark his gait,
See he ſcorns the pomp of ſtate,
Looks with pity on a throne,
Loves to live, and die alone,
For Melancholy mark'd him for her own. 9

II.

Hence, begone! th' enthuſiaſt cries,
(Darting wild his flaming eyes)
Folly fond, and faſhion gay,
Silken pleaſure hence away:
By the world forſook, forgot,
Let me ſeek thy ſhady grot,
Melancholy, heav'nly maid,
Thick embow'r'd in cypreſs glade,
And weave a chaplet fortune cannot fade.

III.

While the ſhades that glimm'ring fall,
Gently ſteal along the wall,
Mantling ſome monaſtic pile,
Or cathedral's holy aiſle,

Let me haunt the ſacred gloom,
Watch, and whiſper round the tomb:
Meditation mild and fair,
Soars ſublime, through fields of air,
To worlds of glory which the bleſſed ſhare.

IV.

Or when ſober twilight gray,
Cloſes up the eye of day; [29]
Let me walk where giant oak
Never felt the woodman's ſtroke;
Seek ſome hermit's lone retreat,
Or ſome moſſy graſs-grown ſeat—
There entranc'd I love to lie,
And with keen, and peering eye,
Explore the gems, that glitter in the ſky.

V.

Awful grandeur! ſplendid ſight!
Glorious frame refulgent bright!
Lo! the moon ſerenely ſweet,
Tips with gold the eagle's ſeat;
Gilds the clift's rough rugged ſide,
Trembles o'er the wat'ry tide:
Not a breeze preſumes to blow,
Solemn ſilence rules below,—
Charm'd with the ſight my boſom learns to glow.

VI.

Let me tread the pebbly ſhore,
When the wild waves rave and roar;
When the mighty whirlwinds ſweep,
O'er the boſom of the deep;

When the ſurges mountain high,
Seem to daſh againſt the ſky;
String my arm with ſtrength to ſave,
Beating back the boiſt'rous wave,
Yon ſhip-wreck'd ſailor from a wat'ry grave.

VII.

Oft I range the deſert plain,
Oft attend the houſe of pain,
Bending o'er the bed of death,
Cheer the ſuff'rer's parting breath;
Or unbolt the felon's cell
Where deſpair and anguiſh dwell;
Call repentance from on high,
On his ſullen couch to lie,
And calm his woe, to-morrow doom'd to die.

VIII.

How I glory to impart,
Comfort to a ſinking heart,
Smooth affliction's thorny bed,
Sooth the mourner, raiſe his head;
While my time I thus employ,
Catch a melancholy joy;
Far from cities far I flee,
Scenes like theſe I ſeek to ſee:
O melancholy, let me dwell with thee!

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE VI.

TO TITUS SEPTIMIUS,

IMITATED.

SEPTIMIUS, thou deareſt friend,
Willing my footſteps to attend
E'en to Hiſpania's ſhore;
E'en 'mid the din of war's alarms,
The horrid craſh of hoſtile arms,
Though the big tempeſt roar.

Though arm'd with chalybean ſteel,
The warrior treads th' embattled field,
And ſcorns the yoke of Rome;
Though quickſands mark my dang'rous way,
And whirlwinds wait in grim array
To ſweep me to the tomb.

Weary of war, and toil, and ſtrife,
Here let me live in tranquil life,
Nor tempt the ſtormy main:
In pieces break the burniſh'd ſpear,
And cover with contrition's tear
The horrors of the plain.

O may theſe fair ambroſial bow'rs,
Groves, that o'er-hang the Argean tow'rs,
For me their charms diſplay;
Encircled by this ſylvan ſcene,
May meek-ey'd Peace with brow ſerene
Crown life's declining day.

But this abode of envied reſt,
So fair, ſo exquiſitely bleſt,
By barb'rous fate denied;

O let me ſeek thoſe realms of day,
Where clear Galeſus weaves his way,
With ſmooth unruffled tide.

Bright regions, beauteous as the morn,
Whoſe hills the richeſt flocks adorn,
Rul'd by Phalantus' hand,
Of noble mind, and judging eye,
Well ſkill'd each beauty to deſcry
In this Elyſian land.

Here Winter wears an aſpect mild,
Here lovely Nature's firſt-born child [2]
The roſy-finger'd Spring,
From heav'n deſcends in vernal ſhow'rs,
Then laughing leads the ſmiling hours,
And waves her downy wing.

Nor Hyemus' broad o'er-arching ſhade,
Nor favour'd Tempe's claſſic glade,
So much delights my ſoul;
No ſpot of earth ſo lov'd, ſo dear,
Of all that grace this beauteous ſphere
From Indus to the pole.

Here bees diſtil from fragrant flow'rs,
That deck the ground, or twine the bow'rs,
Their ſweet nectareous ſtore;
The produce of this fairy field,
E'en to Hymettus need not yield,
Nor the Sicilian ſhore.

Theſe olives may in richneſs vie,
(Swell'd by the moſt ſalubrious ſky
That warms Auſonia's plains)

E'en with the fam'd Venafrian boaſt,
Or treaſure of th' Athenian coaſt,
Where boundleſs plenty reigns.

Flowing with honey, milk, and oil,
Exub'rant fruitage loads the ſoil
Where fertile Aulon ſhone;
His ſides adorn'd with cluſt'ring vines,
He envies not Falernian wines,
More happy in his own.

Fann'd by an odorif'rous gale,
I tread the flow'r-embroider'd dale
Array'd in colours bright;
Ever preſenting to the view,
Some form both beautiful and new,
To captivate the ſight.

This bleſt abode, this calm retreat,
The Dryad's haunt, the Muſe's ſeat,
Invites the raptur'd eye;
Amid this tall magnific pile,
Where ev'ry feature wears a ſmile,
Here let us live and die.

Here let Septimius attend,
And o'er my aſhes gently bend
Oppreſt with grief ſincere;
Viſit the urn with weeping eyes,
Where thy lov'd friend and poet lies,
And bathe it with a tear.

ON GUILT.

AN ODE.

I.

DRIVEN by the furious blaſt,
Headlong to the bottom caſt,
Gaſh'd with wounds they gaſping lie,
Shrieks of horror rend the ſky.
Gaunty wolves with hideous yell,
Echo through the caves of hell,
Tygers prowl along the ſhore,
Ravens ſcream, and lions roar
Shaking their griſly locks, that ſtream with human gore.

II.

Flaming in the dread abyſs,
See the vipers foam and hiſs,
Writhing in the tort'ring fire,
Strong convulſions ſharp and dire
Seize the victims grim and pale;
Now their folly they bewail,
Stung with anguiſh and deſpair,
Gnaſh their teeth, and tear their hair,
Tortur'd by keen remorſe, and ever-gnawing care.

III.

Not a ſtar appears on high,
Sun and moon they ne'er deſcry,
Night and gloom envelopes all.
Save where ſtreams of ſulphur fall;

Many a blue, and blazing beam,
Shoots a tranſitory gleam,
On the turbid lake below,
Where eternal fires glow,
The dread abode of mis'ry, guilt, and woe.

IV.

See! ſhe rears her ſnaky head,
Riſing from yon molten bed,
Lifting high her ſerpent creſt,
Vultures gnawing at her breaſt;
While her fierce and glaring eye,
Darts its light'ning through the ſky,
Rankling terrors tear her mind,
Adamantine fetters bind
This moſt relentleſs ſcourge, and foe to humankind.

A FAIRY SONG.

I Can ſigh, and I can pray,
Watch, and weep the hours away,
Tune ſad Philomela's throat,
Or in thin air lightly float;
Glimmer in the moon's wan beam,
Or through twilight faintly gleam:
I can mark the landſcape fade,
'Mid the poplar's quiv'ring ſhade,
While at night in dewy ring,
Many a tender plaint I ſing.
Airy forms unnumber'd wake,
On the ſtream, or on the brake;

See the floating legions fly,
Tear for tear, and ſigh for ſigh;
See the ſtreams that mingling flow,
Balſam to the breaſt of woe.
Hark! O hark!—that dulcet ſtrain,
How it ſoothes the ſenſe of pain!
Sounds ſo ſweet, like ſhadows gay,
Quickly riſe and quick decay.
On a lily's ſnow-white breaſt,
Oft I huſh my ſoul to reſt;
Sadly ſing, and ſadly play
Many a ſoft and melting lay:
Wake in ev'ry eye I ſee,
Tears of ſenſibility;
With my ſmall, but piercing dart,
Ope the ſluices of the heart.

Mark the gems in pity's eye,
Waft the precious pearls on high;
See, they grace the cryſtal cave
Waſh'd by mild compaſſion's wave.
There enwrapt in amber cell, [33]
Liſtening to the curfew-bell,
Oft I paſs the livelong hour,
Thron'd in fair ambroſial bow'r.
Dear theſe ſcenes ſhall ever be!
Dear to Sorrow, and to me!

AN ELEGIAC PASTORAL.

AH! friendly ſtreams that murm'ring flow!
Ah! hills belov'd in vain! 2
Nought can aſſuage my bitter woe,
Nor mitigate my pain.

The mountain-top begins to glow,
Deep ſhades inveſt the vale,
And while the fanning zephyrs blow,
My ſorrows I bewail.

Yon golden, glorious orb of light,
In ſplendour ſtraight ſhall ſhine;
With cheering rays benignant bright
To ev'ry eye—but mine.

The all-enliv'ning breath of dawn,
All Nature's charms awake,
Rous'd by the light the timid fawn
Flies bounding from the brake.

The lambkins ſport along the green,
The gameſome heifers play,
The tenants of the ſylvan ſcene
All hail th' approach of day.

The plumy warblers tune their throat,
Enwrapt in woodland ſhade,
In broken air the wild notes float,
And ſwell along the glade.

The joyous birds may jocund ſing,
The fawn and heifer flee;
But ah! the dawn no joy can bring,
To wretchedneſs—and me.

Theſe ſcenes, alas! no bliſs impart,
Bliſs is for ever fled;—
For lo! the partner of my heart,
My Jaquelina's dead.

Where od'rous dews their fragrance ſhed,
We rambled ſide by ſide,
Or rang'd the lawn with flow'rets ſpread,
Or gaz'd on Arno's tide.

The orange-grove, the mountain high,
  Scenes once to me ſo dear,
Which oft with tranſport fill'd my eye,
  Now fill it with a tear.

Yon maples waving in the wind,
  Oaks which defy the blaſt,
All bring to my afflicted mind
  Some picture of the paſt.

Sorrow and grief my hours employ,
  O'er Jaquelina's urn;
Lamenting there thoſe faded joys,—
  That never muſt return.

Ceaſe, mem'ry, ceaſe, this breaſt to tear,
Ope not my wounds again;
This feeble frame can never bear
Such agony of pain.

My love, my life, my all is flown,
I mourn, I ſink, I die;
Ye ſhepherds! let one ruſtic ſtone
Mark where my aſhes lie.

A HYMN

TO THE SUPREME BEING,

IN IMITATION OF PSALM CIII.

AWAKE, my ſoul, a glad thanſgiving raiſe,
With joy extatic ſound th' Almighty's praiſe;
Join the angelic choir with loud acclaim,
Declare his mercy, and adore his name.
Let contemplation each revolving day,
To my rapt eye his acts benign diſplay;
Let his bleſt name in mem'ry's tablet live,
So prompt to pardon, pity, and forgive;
Who ſtretch'd from heav'n his healing hand, to ſave
My ſoul from death, my glory from the grave:
And paſt this tranſient ſcene of mortal ſtrife,
Will crown his ſervant with eternal life:

O let my tongue his wond'rous goodneſs bleſs,
His gifts record, his benefits confeſs.
Illum'd by thee, enlighten'd by thy grace,
O how I long to view thy glorious face,
Almighty Source of good! thou Pow'r Supreme!
Whoſe wond'rous mercies on thy ſervant beam;
Strong in thy ſtrength, encircl'd by thy love,
How pants my ſpirit for the realms above!

As a young eagle caſts his wintry plume,
Sees his ſtrong feathers boaſt a brighter bloom;
Exulting views his renovated form,
Which awful grace, and majeſty adorn;
Finds his new plumes freſh ſtrength and vigour bring,
A bolder pinion, and a broader wing;
Glowing with joy, and kindling with delight,
He ſoars to meet yon golden orb of light;

Baſks in thoſe beams he once was wont to ſhun,
And borne on ſounding pinions ſeeks the ſun.
So ſails my ſoul, ſublime through azure ſky,
To meet the Sun of Righteouſneſs on high,
Bleſt with his beams I urge my raptur'd way,
And ſoar exulting to the realms of day.

The Lord is Judge.—To ſuccour the diſtreſt,
Avenge the injur'd, and relieve the oppreſt,
Proclaim the righteous judge. His ways are pure,
His pow'r eternal, his ſalvation ſure.
Comfort appears where'er his banners wave,
Health to the ſick, and freedom to the ſlave.
Juſtice declares aloud his glorious reign,
And truth and mercy cloſe the ſacred train.
His righteous acts, O Iſrael, adore,
Whoſe awful wonders mark'd th' Egyptian ſhore;

Who brought his choſen with an outſtretch'd arm,
With riches laden, yet ſecure from harm;
Through thirſty wilds he led their devious way,
A flame by night, a hallow'd cloud by day:
On Pharaoh's hoſt he pour'd deſtruction dire,
And glorious ſhone a pyramid of fire.

Jehovah ſcans not with an eye ſevere,
But o'er our errors drops compaſſion's tear;
In boundleſs ſtreams his gracious mercies flow,
In goodneſs plenteous, and to anger ſlow;
To pardon prompt, long time he ne'er will chide,
His anger redden, nor his wrath abide.
Salubrious med'cines, hid from mortal eyes,
His puniſhments are bleſſings in diſguiſe.
When has affliction equal'd the offence?
When has not pity urg'd her warm defence?

High as the heav'ns from this terreſtrial ball,
So great thy mercy, bounteous Lord of all,
To them, who in thy hallow'd courts appear
With ſacred rev'rence, and with holy fear:
Our deep tranſgreſſions all are ſwept away,
Far as the weſt from realms of orient day.
As the fond father views his darling child,
With tender pity, and forbearance mild;
So the Almighty, anxious to forgive,
Reclaims the wanderer, and bids him live:
Says to the weeping penitent—ariſe—
Staunches her wounds, and wipes her ſtreaming eyes.
Our frame is known to his omniſcient mind—
Aſhes and duſt, a vapour in the wind.
O what is man! this fragile form of clay,
Child of an hour! the offspring of a day!

Like yon frail flow'r that opes its radiant eyes,
Blooms for a while, then fades, and falls, and dies;
Chill'd by the bitter blaſt that howls around,
Its beauteous honours now beſtrew the ground.
So weak is man! ſo tranſient mortal breath!
So keen misfortune! and ſo certain death!
But as in ſpring the flow'rets riſe again, [83]
A freſher verdure decks the ſmiling plain,
The bluſhing roſes boaſt a brighter bloom,
So man ſhall riſe more glorious from the tomb;
Soaring aloft on rapture's eagle-wing,
To the glad regions of eternal ſpring;
That bliſsful clime, where ſin and ſorrow ceaſe,
And all is tun'd to harmony and peace.

From age to age thy mercies, Lord, appear
Vouchſaf'd to all, who fill'd with holy fear,

Thy ſtatutes mark, obſerve thy ſacred will,
Declare thy mercy, and thy laws fulfil.
Plac'd by Jehovah in the realms of bliſs,
Their temples crown'd with wreaths of happineſs;
Circled with joy, bleſt with immortal youth,
Fed at the fountain of eternal truth,
Theſe plants of Eden! ſaints enſhrin'd above!
Grace the bright courts of everlaſting love.

Jehovah reigns ſupreme, exalted high
In heav'n of heav'ns, thron'd o'er the azure ſky;
Time without end his kingdom ſhall endure,
His pow'r eternal, his ſalvation ſure:
Young Nature roſe, wak'd by his pow'rful call,
The great Creator, and the Soul of all.
Shout forth, ye angels, and with loud acclaim
Extol his goodneſs, and adore his name.

Seraphic pow'rs, ye who his will obey,
Sound your deep ſhell, and ſwell the grateful lay.
Ye hoſts cherubic, ye celeſtial choir,
Tune your bright harp, and ſtrike your golden lyre.
Join all creation, wake, with orient ray,
The hallow'd hymn, refulgent orb of day!
Ye morning ſtars, O lift your glorious voice,
Be glad ye nations, and ye realms rejoice.
Unnumber'd worlds, rul'd by his juſt controul,
Bleſs ye the Lord.—Adore him, O my ſoul.

QUOTATIONS, NOTES, AND EXPLANATIONS.

SONNET II.

LINE 5.

Hail hallow'd haunts! whoſe deep embow'ring gloom
Suits well the ſadneſs of my ſicken'd ſoul.

Ye woods and wilds whoſe melancholy gloom
Accord with my ſoul's ſadneſs.

HOME's Douglas.

SONNET III.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis, &c.

HORACE, Ode xxii.

SONNET V.

LINE I.

Adieu! adieu!—a long, a laſt farewell
To thoſe dear friends whom I no more ſhall ſee.

O thou bright ſun! now haſt'ning to that clime,
That parent iſle, which I no more ſhall ſee;
O thither bear, reſplendent orb of day,
To that dear ſpot of earth my laſt farewell.

THOMSON.

SONNET VI.

I roſe, with the memory of the ſounds full upon my mind; the candle I had ordered to ſtand by me was ſtill unextinguiſhed. I ſat down to the organ, and with that ſmall ſoft ſtop you uſed to call ſeraphic, endeavoured to imitate their beauty. And never before did your Julia play an air ſo heavenly, or feel ſuch extaſy in the power of ſound! When I had catched the ſolemn chord that laſt aroſe in my dream, my fingers dwelt involuntarily on the keys, and methought I ſaw the guardian ſpirits around me, liſtening with a rapture like mine!——

JULIA DE ROUBIGNÈ, vol. ii. page 179.

LINE 1.

Come, ſiſter, come—a ſmiling cherub ſaid.

Come, ſiſter, come (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay).

POPE.

LINE 2.

Bearing rich dews from Araby the bleſt
He ſhakes his plumes.

——from the ſpicy ſhore
Of Araby the bleſt.——
——he ſtood,
And ſhook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide.

MILTON.

SONNET VIII.

LINE 3.

Watch o'er the ſlumbers of my earlieſt friend.

Eternal bleſſings crown my earlieſt friend,
And round his dwelling guardian ſaints attend.

GOLDSMITH.

SONNET IX.

How doth the city ſit ſolitary! how is ſhe become a widow! ſhe that was great among the nations, and princeſs among the provinces, how is ſhe become tributary! Judah is gone in captivity; ſhe weepeth ſore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks: ſhe dwelleth among the heathen, ſhe findeth no reſt. They hiſs, and wag their head at her, ſaying, Is this the city that men called the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?—Her eyes are dim, the crown is fallen from her head, ſhe ſitteth alone and keepeth ſilence.

The Lamentations of JEREMIAH.

SONNET X.

LINE I.

Rob'd in full majeſty the placid moon,
Whoſe wan beams tremble through the leafy ſhade,
In æther floating reach'd its higheſt noon.

Lean wolves forget to howl at night's pale noon;
No wakeful dogs bark at the ſilent moon.

LEE's Theodoſius.

SONNET XI.

LINE 2.

The chamois.

The wild goat of the Alps.

SONNET XII.

LINE 6.

My thoughts, my ſoul (e'en 'mid the ſacred choir)
Are fix'd, my Abelard, are fix'd on thee.

Thy voice I ſeem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too ſoft a tear;
When from the cenſer clouds of incenſe roll,
And ſwelling organs lift the riſing ſoul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Prieſts, tapers, temples vaniſh from my ſight;
In ſeas of flame my plunging ſoul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

POPE's Eloiſa to Abelard.

SONNET XIV.

LINE 1.

Ariſe, my ſoul, on wings triumphant riſe.

Ariſe, my ſoul, on wings ſeraphic riſe.

BLACKLOCK.

LINE 5.

Array'd in robes of pureſt virgin white.

Clad in robes of virgin white.

THEODORA.

LINE 7.

Viſions of glory ſtrike my raptur'd ſight.

Viſions of glory ruſh not on my ſoul.

GRAY.

SONNET XVI.

LINE 2.

Gay bloom the flow'rs which Nature's hand has ſpread
Around thy open brow.

On that open brow, its deareſt throne,
Sits ſweet ſimplicity.

MASON.

SONNET XVIII.

——But I can aſk his ſon again.——Has he a ſon with him? ſaid my uncle Toby.——A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has taſted almoſt as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn for him day and night;—He has not ſtirred from his bed-ſide theſe two days.

Alas! ſaid the corporal—the lieutenant's laſt day's march is over.——Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

If ſuch were the apprehenſions which the ſituation of Le Fevre's ſon ſuggeſted to the generous breaſt even of a ſtranger—what muſt a parent feel? To leave this dear, this affectionate child forlorn,

deſtitute, and afflicted; in a foreign country, a country then the ſeat of war and deſolation; without a friend to guard him from the numerous evils which hovered around, may well be ſuppoſed to have given the keeneſt pang to the feeling heart of the expiring lieutenant.——Le Fevre caſt his eyes to heaven, and ſought relief where alone it is to be found, by pouring his ſorrows into the boſom of his Creator.—His prayer was heard—and Eternal Mercy ſent to his bed-ſide the inſtrument of its bounty, in the perſon of the benevolent Shandy.

SONNET XIX.

Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus, &c.

HORACE, Ode xxii.

LINE 8.

And guileleſs holds the tenor of his way.

They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

GRAY.

SONNET XXI.

LINE 1.

Star of the morn.

Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.

MILTON.

LINE 10.

Beacon of bliſs which I with tranſport ſee.

So I with animated hopes behold,
And many an aching wiſh, your beamy fires,
That ſhow like beacons in the blue abyſs,
Ordain'd to guide th' embodied ſpirit home
From toilſome life to never-ending bliſs.

COWPER's Taſk.

SONNET XXVI.

LINE 13.

She liv'd a roſe, blooming with ſpotleſs grace,
As roſes live—a ſingle morning's ſpace.

Et roſe elle a vecu ce qui vivent les roſes
L'eſpace d'un matin.

MALHERBE.

SONNET XXVIII.

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy maſt
Seal up the ſhip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge;
And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamour in the ſlipp'ry ſhrouds,
That with the hurly death itſelf awake?
Canſt thou, O partial ſleep! give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude?
And in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,

With all appliances, and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?

SHAKESPEARE.

SONNET XXX.

LINE 12.

My vernal garlands now beſtrew the lawn.

For me the vernal garland blooms no more.

POPE.

SONNET XXXI.

LINE 1.

Theſe well-known ſcenes awaken all my grief.

That well-known name awakens all my woe.

POPE's Eloiſa to Abelard.

SONNET XXXIII.

Chanſon de Marie Stuart,
Reine d'Ecoſſe en partant Calais pour Londres.

Adieu, plaiſant päys de France,
O ma patrie le plus cherie!

Que a nourit ma jeune enfance,
Adieu, France, adieu, mes beaux jours!
Le nef qui déjoint nos amours,
N'a cy de moi que la moitié,
Une part te reſte, elle eſt tienne,
Je la fie a ton amitié,
Pour que l'autre il te ſouvienne.

LINE 3.

My primroſe path was once with flow'rets ſtrow'd.

Himſelf the primroſe paths of dalliance treads.

SHAKESPEARE.

SONNET XXXIV.

The Forty-ſecond Pſalm muſt unqueſtionably be eſteemed one of the moſt beautiful ſpecimens of the Hebrew elegy. The author of this elegant complaint, exiled from the temple, and from the public exerciſe of his religion, to the extreme parts of Judea, perſecuted by his numerous enemies, and agitated by their reproaches, pours forth his ſoul to God in this tender and pathetic compoſition. The ardent feelings of a devout heart are admirably expreſſed, while the memory of former felicity ſeems to aggravate his preſent anguiſh.

The extreme anxiety of a mind, depreſſed by the burthen of ſorrow, and yet at the ſame time impatient under it; overcome by an accumulation of evils, yet in ſome degree endeavouring to reſiſt them, and admitting through the dark cloud of affliction a glimmering ray of hope and conſolation, is finely depicted. In frequent and almoſt inſtantaneous tranſitions he glows with love, and droops with lamentation; he complains, he expoſtulates; he deſpairs, and yet hopes; he is afflicted, and again conſoled. It is not to be expected that any poetical verſion ſhould expreſs theſe ſentiments with the force, the energy, and more particularly with the conciſeneſs of the Hebrew, which is indeed not to be imitated in any other language: though it muſt be confeſſed, that this poem is more diffuſe than the Hebrew poetry in general.

GREGORY's Tranſlation of Bp. LOWTH's Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews, Lect. 23.

SONNET XXXV.

LINE 7.

Though notes of woe be muſic to an ear,
So cold, ſo dull, ſo barbarous as thine.

Alluding to a fabric, built by order of Dionyſius the tyrant of Syracuſe, in which were cloſely immured the numerous victims of

his unrelenting power: over the priſon was conſtructed a dome, ſo curiouſly contrived, (after the manner of the human ear) as to draw into a focus, and convey diſtinctly through a tunnel placed on the top, every ſound uttered in the cells below. This tunnel opened into a magnificent pavilion. Here Dionyſius repaired to feaſt his barbarous ſoul on the groans which miſery rent from the boſom of anguiſh and deſpair. So horrid a conduct can only be paralleled by the African ſlave trade.

SONNET XXXVI.

LINE 13.

O woods, O rocks, O flow'r-embroider'd dale!

O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bow'rs!

MILTON.

SONNET XXXVII.

Marius, being declared a traitor by the Roman ſenate, fled to the ſea-ſhore and embarked at Oſtia on board a ſhip provided for him by his friend Numericus. After encountering many dangers he at length arrived in Africa, and went aſhore near Carthage, in the hope, that Sextilius the prætor of that province, a man to whom

he had done neither good nor harm, would out of mere humanity aſſiſt him in his diſtreſs. While he was contemplating the ſpot, where once was Carthage; and probably comparing his fall to that of this illuſtrious city: an officer from Sextilius forbad him to remain in that country, and declared to him that if he did not obey, he would be treated conformably to the decree of the ſenate, as an enemy of Rome. Marius, ſtruck with aſtoniſhment at this meſſage, remained a conſiderable time without ſpeaking a word, his eyes fixed on the meſſenger. The man at length aſked him what anſwer he ſhould carry back to the prætor: "Go tell him" (ſaid Marius) "that you have ſeen Marius an exile from his country, "and ſitting amid the ruins of Carthage." Meaning by this (ſays Plutarch) to propoſe the fortune of that city, and his own fortune, as inſtructive leſſons to the prætor.

LINE 4.

Cruſh'd by the vigour of an arm—like mine.

Comparing his military proweſs to that of Scipio Africanus the conqueror and deſtroyer of Carthage.

SONNET XXXIX.

LINE 14.

Without a ſtar to gild the horrors of the night.

The ſtar of Brunſwic ſmiles ſerene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep.

GRAY.

SONNET XLII.

LINE 9.

What they are now, ſuch I ſhall quickly be.

As thou art now—and I ſhall quickly be.

CONGREVE.

LINE 10.

Time, like an angel bending from the ſky,
Smites yon tall pile.

Like a warning angel to prepare man for eternity.

ODE I.

THE GENIUS OF MELANCHOLY.

STANZA I. LINE 9.

And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

GRAY's Elegy.

LINE 29.

Or when ſober twilight grey,
Cloſes up the eye of day.

——Come feeling night
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day.

SHAKESPEARE.

ODE II.

Septimi gades aditure mecum, et
Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre noſtra, et
Barbaras ſyrtes, ubi maura ſemper
Æſtuat unda ;

Tibur Argæo positum colono
Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ ;
Sit modus lasso maris, et viarum,
Militiæque.

Unde si parcæ prohibent iniquæ ;
Dulce pellitis ovibus Galesi
Flumen, et regnata petam Laconi
Rura phalanto.

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet ; ubi non Hymetto
Mella decedunt, viridique certat
Bacca venafro ;

Ver ubi longum, tepidasque præbet
Jupiter brumas ; et amicus Aulon
Fertili Baccho minimùm falernis
Invidet uvis.

Ille te mecum locus, et beatæ
Poſtulant arces; ibi tu calentem
Debita ſparges lacrymâ favillam
Vatis amici.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE VI.
AD TIT. SEPTIMIUM.

STANZA 6. LINE 2.

Here lovely Nature's firſt-born child,
The roſy-finger'd ſpring;
From heav'n deſcends in vernal ſhow'rs,
Then laughing leads the ſmiling hours,
And waves her downy wing.

Come, gentle ſpring, ethereal mildneſs come,
And from the boſom of yon dropping cloud,
While muſic wakes around, veil'd in a ſhow'r
Of ſhadowy roſes, on our plains deſcend.

THOMSON's Seaſons.

A FAIRY SONG.

LINE 33.

There enwrapt in amber-cell,
Liſt'ning to the curfew-bell.

Oft on a plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off curfew ſound.

MILTON's Il Penſeroſo.

AN ELEGIAC PASTORAL.

LINE 2.

Ah! hills belov'd in vain!

Ah! fields belov'd in vain!

GRAY.

A HYMN,
TO THE SUPREME BEING,
IN IMITATION OF PSALM CIII.

I have been much indebted throughout to Bp. Horne's excellent commentary on this pſalm, but particularly in the ſimile of the

eagle. I have endeavoured to amplify the text on evangelical principles, after the example of the above-mentioned author, to whoſe admirable work I refer the reader.

LINE 83.

But as in ſpring the flow'rets riſe again,
A freſher verdure decks the ſmiling plain,
The bluſhing roſes boaſt a brighter bloom,
So man ſhall riſe more glorious from the tomb.

And as the radiant roſes, after fading,
In fuller foliage and more fragrant breath
Revive in ſmiling ſpring, ſo ſhall it fare
With thoſe that love him—for ſweet is their ſavour,
And all eternity ſhall be their ſpring.

SMART.

THE END.

The SEVENTH and the TWENTY-FIFTH SONNET, the GENIUS OF MELANCHOLY, and the ELEGIAC PASTORAL, have already appeared in the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.